Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. VVho, *Mounſier Verollu*, ?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. VVell, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the ſunne.

Boult. VVell, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, deſpiſe profite, where you haue moſt gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, makes pitty in your louers ſildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. VVho ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſoiourner we haue, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. VVhen Nature framed this peece, ſhe meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, & thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come your waies, fo
Mari. If fiers be hot, kniu
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot
Diana aide my purpoſe.
Baud. VVhat haue we to d
vs.

Enter Cleon a

Dion. VVhy are you fooliſh
Cleon. O *Dionizia*, ſuch a pe
The Sunne and Moone nere l
Dion. I thinke you'l turne a
Cleon. VVere I chiefe L
giue it to vndo the deed. O L
tue, yet a Princeſſe to equall a
the iuſtice of compare, O villa
ſoned too, if thou hadſt drunk
becomming well thy face, v
Pericles ſhall demand his chil
Dion. That ſhe is dead. N
nor euer to preſerue, ſhe dide
it, vnleſſe you play the Innoce
out ſhe dyde by foule play.
Cleon. O go too, well, well
uens, the Gods do like this w
Dionizia. Be one of thoſ
Tharſus will flie hence, and
thinke of what a Noble ſtrai
ſpirit.
Cleon. To ſuch proceedin
added, though not his whole
nourable courſes.
Dionizia. Be it ſo then, y
ſhe came dead, nor none can k